

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

CRADLE'S EMPTY!

BABY'S GONE!!

Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

Little empty cradle, treasured now with care,
Though thy precious burden it has fled,
How we miss the locks of curly golden hair,
Peeping from thy tiny snow-white bed
When the dimpled cheeks and little laughing eyes,
From the rumpled pillow shone,
Then I gazed with gladness, now I look and sigh,
Empty is the cradle, baby's gone.

CHORUS,

Baby's left her cradle for the golden shore,
O'er the silvery waters she has flown,
Gone to join the angels peaceful evermore;
Empty is the cradle, baby's gone.

Near a shady valley stands a grassy mound,
Underneath my little darling sleeps;
Blossoms sweet and roses cluster all around,
Overhead the willow silent weeps.
There I laid my loved one in the long ago,
And my heart doth sadly moan—
Though she's with the angels, still I fain would weep,
Empty is the cradle, baby's gone.

CHORUS.

Baby's left her cradle for the golden shore,
O'er the silvery waters she has flown,
Gone to join the angels peaceful evermore;
Empty is the cradle, baby's gone.

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